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The WATER of FOLLY.

THE sage Aboul-casem, having discovered by his skill in astrology, that all the water of the town where he dwelt, would fall the next year under the influence of such a strange planet, that whoever drank of it would become FOOLISH, resolved to exempt himself from the common disaster, and proposed great pleasure and honour from being the only wise man in the town.

Accordingly, he provided a reservoir, which he filled with a sufficient quantity of the present year's water, that he might be in no necessity of drinking that of the fatal year. This prediction was at length verified, and the first appearances of the universal folly gave him great delight; but folly not being of a nature to amuse long, he soon grew weary of so inhuman a pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the joys and conveniences of society. No creature could give a reasonable answer. He asked one what o'clock it was, who told him that corn was two sequins a bushel. He enquired what news of another; who answered, that salt was an excellent thing to butter fish with. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their own condition. Tired at length with the solitary state to which his singular wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime advantages of it, drank the water, and mingled with the fools.

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